

JANUARY 29, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*



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“This is unadulterated nonsense” says the author of *Battling the Criminal*, Mr. Richard Washburn Child, a member of the National Crime Commission, who, while American Ambassador to Italy, heard what other countries thought of Crime in America and was stirred to find out the causes and suggest remedies. Only when Americans get really stirred up about a subject do they accomplish things. This startling and remarkable book, telling about conditions as they really are, will help to do the stirring.

***Every Post
Library Should
Have This Book***

The author believes that our crime "tide" is due to our varied population, our mixture of blood, ideas and ideals. To the multiplicity of our laws. To

If you would know the truth about the menace of American life today—get this book, "BATTLING THE CRIMINAL," and read it for yourself.

*The Legion Book Service of
The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana*

State _____ 1-29-26

“Based on reliable statistics, about 200,000 persons are under restraint as prisoners in the United States. This, however, represents only about ONE-FIFTH of the CRIMINAL population. If the annual productiveness of an individual is estimated at \$1,500, the industrial waste represented by the criminal population is ONE BILLION FIVE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS annually.”



The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*



INCERSOLL-WALTHOUR Post of Philadelphia believes one of its members is the Legionnaire most distant from his home post and the United States. Referring to a previous item about a Legionnaire living in Lagos, Africa, Post Commander Fabian F. Levy writes: "We have had for several years on our rolls a member who lives in Johannesburg, Union of South Africa. Johannesburg is about 2,500 miles farther from the United States than is Lagos. These facts came to our minds a few days ago when we received a generous subscription to The American Legion Endowment Fund from our member in South Africa." Well, there's a new mark to shoot at if anybody has ammunition.

* * *

JOHN J. WICKER, JR., of Richmond, Virginia, chairman of the Legion's France Convention Travel Committee, reports that coupons clipped from the December 11th issue of the Weekly and mailed to him represent five thousand Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary who are planning to make the Legion pilgrimage to France in 1927. "A large percentage of those who sent in the coupons asked questions on details of the plans," Mr. Wicker adds. "Most of those who asked the questions will find answers to them in the France Convention Supplement to the Weekly, which will appear as a part of the issue for February 5th. If the information given in the supplement doesn't answer any particular question, it probably concerns a point on which there has been no decision at this time, and the inquirer should watch the Weekly for later announcements." So save your copy of the supplement which will be issued next week, wait for further announcements in the Weekly and don't, at this time, send personal letters of inquiry to the committee chairman.

* * *

LEO M. HARLOW, who was Department Commander of Massachusetts last year when the Endowment campaign was carried to success in that State, is properly dissatisfied to have the Massachusetts contribution to the Endowment Fund listed at \$314,532.01, as was done in the article by Richard Seelye Jones in the Weekly for December 25th. Mr. Harlow protests that in addition to this net cash sum, Massachusetts turned in approximately \$30,000 in pledges, and furthermore that the Legionnaires of the Bay State themselves raised the funds to pay the expenses of the drive, which in other States

were paid from National Headquarters. Mr. Harlow brings the totals for Massachusetts down to December 31st, some weeks later than the date of Mr. Jones's statistics, and lays claim to a total of \$368,918.07 raised in Massachusetts, with more to come from some posts.

* * *

MR. JONES, who is Executive Secretary of the Endowment Committee, comments upon Mr. Harlow's claim as follows: "Commander Harlow is correct in his statements of the funds raised in Massachusetts. The Department of Massachusetts handled its campaign by methods

differing in some details from the general plan, and for that reason the National Treasurer had not, when he supplied the figures published on December 25th, finished checking the unpaid pledges from Massachusetts. Nor did the figures then published include the campaign expenses, which, as Mr. Harlow says, were raised by the Massachusetts Legionnaires. Since these figures were compiled there has also been held in Boston a concert by Mr. Paderewski, and we are also advised that some additional cash is being held by the Treasurer of the Massachusetts Endowment Committee, Ralph M. Eastman. Massachusetts should not be deprived of full credit merely because she did more than others but did it in her own way."

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IN his article Mr. Jones said: "The posts which did not take part in their State campaigns are to be found in every department."

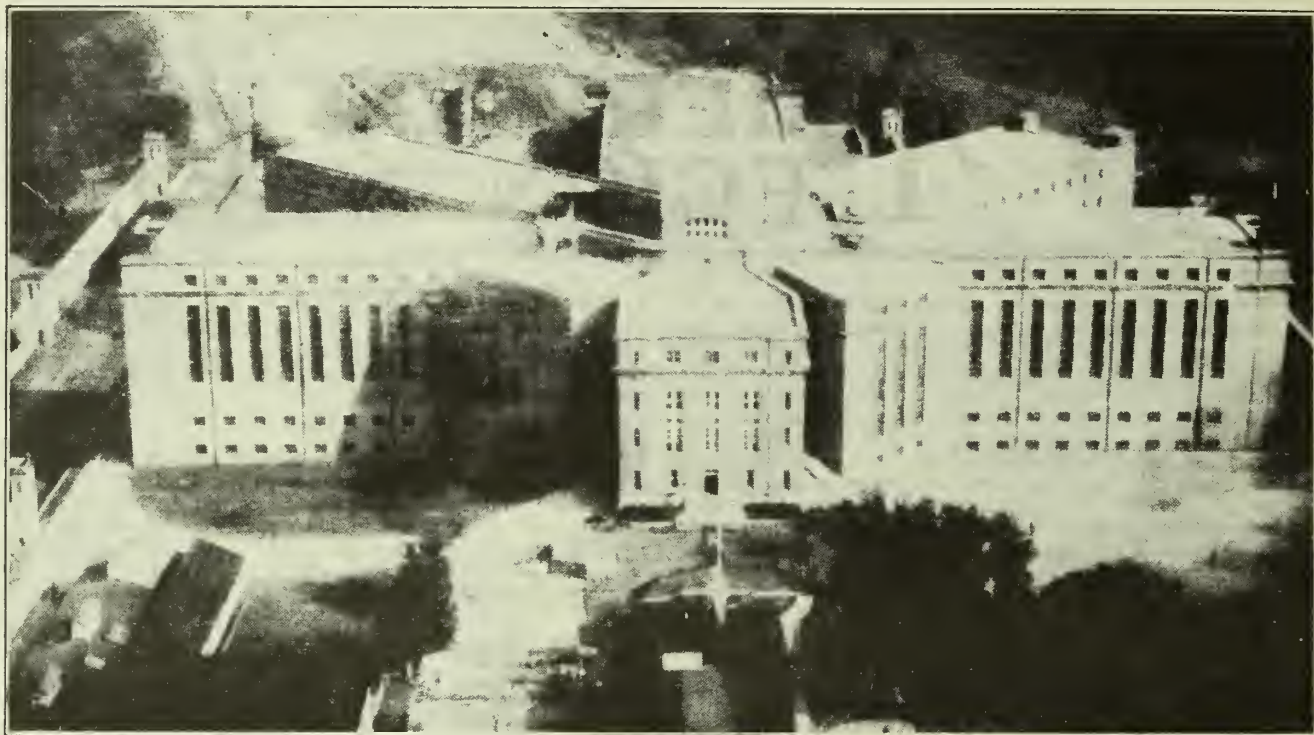
The Department of Arizona rises to protest. "Every post in this department was active in the campaign," writes D. D. Douglas, Department Adjutant, "and practically every community in the State contributed generously to the fund. R. E. Tally, of Jerome, State chairman of the Committee, endeavored to make the appeal as widespread as possible."

* * *

NOW and then someone still refers to "an honorary member of The American Legion," and only recently such a reference, slipping into the columns of the Weekly, brought in several emphatic letters from Legionnaires who rightly point out that the Legion's National Constitution prohibits honorary membership. The Constitution is unmistakable on this point. "There shall be no form or class of membership except an active membership," says Section 2 of Article IV.

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This picture of the cell house at the United States Disciplinary Barracks, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, (not to be confused with the federal penitentiary on the same military reservation) was taken by Lieutenant George Goddard, Air Service, and Professor Burka, Aviation Section photographic expert, by a new army process. The picture was developed in mid-air, and dropped by parachute, placed on a machine and transmitted by wire to New York in seven minutes. It was made, at Mr. Blood's request, for the Weekly, during experiments carried on by the Command and General Staff Schools,

the Air Service and the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., sending pictures for military purposes. This was the first time it was ever attempted. The picture was taken at an angle, the wing focusing, then developed in the rear cockpit by Burka, and dropped by parachute. The whole process, from the time Goddard focused his wing until the picture was in New York, was less than fifteen minutes. This picture was made as the first test, several days before several were made for the 250 field officers studying for the War College at the Command and General Staff Schools at Leavenworth

'As a Court-Martial May Direct'

By LEIGHTON H. BLOOD

OUTSIDE the headquarters building at the base port where the general court-martial was convening the rain was falling steadily. In spite of the fire that was roaring away in a corner of the room the cold, damp winter air hung heavy. The members of the court were slowly extinguishing cigarette butts, for the vote had been taken and sentence was about to be pronounced. It had been a hard case to decide, and all the evidence had been carefully weighed. A life for a life had been in question.

The president of the court rapped sharply on his desk. The door opened and a sentry appeared. "Court is open," said the president, and returned to the papers before him. The judge advocate and his assistant and the boyish counsel for the defense came in. Last of all came the prisoner.

In reclaimed O. D., minus insignia, he seemed younger than his years—his service record said nineteen at enlistment. He stood at attention, near the officer who had defended him.

The president of the court cleared his throat, adjusted his glasses, and picked

WITH the permission of the War Department, the Weekly sent Mr. Blood to visit the Federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to study the conditions under which soldier prisoners, especially those sentenced in war-time for serious crimes, are paying the penalty. He spent part of his time as a voluntary prisoner, unknown, of course, to the other prisoners. This is the first of a series of three articles, describing conditions and men as he found them at Leavenworth.

up a typewritten sheet of paper. The other members settled back in their chairs and watched the prisoner. The youthful counsel for the defense was more nervous than his client, who still stood at rigid attention.

"It is the sentence of the court, two thirds of its members concurring," began the president, and the soldier stiffened, "that you be confined at hard labor for life."

Life! God, what did they mean? Why, he hadn't meant to hit the Frog so hard. And, anyway, it wasn't his fault. It all came about from too much of that cognac that he and Bill had bought in that last café. He hadn't meant to kill anyone. That cognac was mean stuff and it had made him mean. He only wanted to make that Frog stand at attention when an American soldier came into the bar. Of course he shouldn't have hit him—but life was a long time. Why, life was years and years.

And prison, and hard labor. Why, prisons were hell on earth, and an army prison must be double hell. God, that Colonel couldn't mean that he was

sending him away forever! How long did a man, who was nineteen now, live in prison? Forty years? Fifty?

The defense counsel leaned toward the boy. "You're lucky. You got away from the rope."

The prisoner stood as in a trance. He was to be buried alive. Buried in that place called Leavenworth—back in the States—that he had heard about vaguely. What would it be like?

The sentry stepped forward and grasped him by the arm. He was moving now—out of the room. "Life in prison," he mumbled to himself. It couldn't be true. Why, he might live any number of years more.

"This way," the sentry was saying, and they passed out of the building.

It is now 1926. That rainy winter day in France has been replaced by the cold winter sunshine of Kansas. From that big walled enclosure comes the sound of a military band. The grilled gate swings open. Soldiers are marching out.

What troops are these, you wonder, who live behind such massive walls? As they pass by you note that they march as one man. Every rifle is at the right cant. Every arm swings in unison. Like automats they march. But every man's head is erect. All are bronzed. They wear regulation uniforms save that there are no hat cords and no insignia on the collar. Even the cadets at West Point do not march any better than this battalion that is swinging by.

What's that on their hats—that plate? Then, as they pass, you see that it is evidently each man's name. Where have we seen that corporal before? Why, it was back there at that base port in France in the winter of '18. He was the boy that was sentenced to life for murder! Then this must be the United States Disciplinary Battalion, the outfit that gives every man a chance who wants one and wins it. Evidently the boy we saw in France has made good. Made so good that he is getting another chance to be a good citizen and a good soldier.

France has its Foreign Legion—the regiment of missing men. In America we have the Disciplinary Battalion. The Foreign Legion is supposed to be the ideal fighting machine—but I'd hate to see it up against the Disciplinary Battalion. For the Foreign Legion is not made up of men who are trying to find themselves, but of men who are trying to lose themselves. The Disciplinary Battalion is made up of men who have fallen but who

have pulled themselves together and are heading toward a goal that means reestablishment in the eyes of everyone. And men with that end in view will always have my money on them in a scrap, no matter what they tackle.

Very little is popularly known of the Battalion or the Disciplinary Barracks. Every present and former soldier has heard of them, but nothing has been written. I have just been spending several weeks at the Barracks, including a few days as a voluntary prisoner.

STRANGE tales have come from Leavenworth. How men have been sent there for long terms for trivial offenses. Of brutality. Any number of stories that looked as if a good scandal might be got at if one could pierce the walls. I didn't find them. I know something about penal institutions, and it is my honest opinion that the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth is the best-run prison in the world today—a shining example that every prison in the United States and the world at large could follow with good results to the community.

Let us take the case of the soldier of the A. E. F. sent back from France with a life sentence ahead of him—and there are several such in Leavenworth. I am writing this article inside those walls tonight. This afternoon I talked for a long time with one of these A. E. F. men—from the 26th Division—found guilty of murder.

The procedure in the case of every prisoner sent here is the same. Guards bring them from the various army posts, together with their records and the court-martial proceedings. When they once enter these walls they are taken in charge by the guard detachment—all seasoned soldiers. The first step is the doctor.

All prisoners, after leaving the doctor, go to the executive department. There their history is taken, a number assigned them, and a book of the rules of the Disciplinary Barracks given them. This book tells them what they

can do and what they can't do. Then they are marched to the main cell building; the uniforms they arrived in are taken away, and prison uniforms of denim given them. Kersey uniforms (O. D. dyed) are also issued for Sunday wear. Then a hair cut—not a close crop but the kind your own barber gives you—and a shave and a hot shower. After that clean linen.

Next come school tests. A questionnaire is given the newcomer, and if a certain percentage is not attained he is listed for school. After that, assignment in cells and for work. If the new prisoner is qualified in any trade—or wishes to learn a new one—he is assigned to his preference. Then the process of settling him into his niche begins.

A complete history of every man is compiled during his first month. His whole life is gone over with a fine-tooth comb. He is asked to give the names of all his civilian employers and relatives and friends. These are written to. The chaplain has meanwhile learned his religious preference and the services he would like to attend.

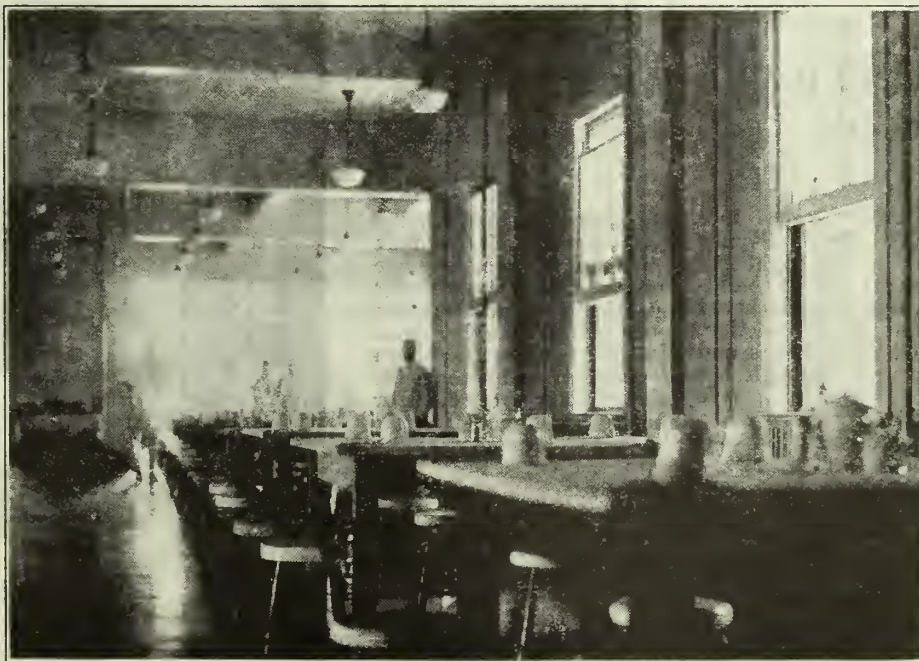
With a man's history before them the various boards are ready to act. The psychiatrists examine him mentally to see what his development has been, and the executive department watches his work. The guards show him how to place his articles of equipment, and teach him the manners of the mess hall and how to ask for food by the fingers and not by speech. They settle him in his routine.

Now the various boards that make it possible for every prisoner in the Disciplinary Battalion and Barracks to receive a square deal begin to function, and function regularly all the time he is at Fort Leavenworth. First let us visit the Clemency Board.

The Clemency Board consists of field officers assigned to the barracks. The prisoners are all gone over every six months, no matter what their sentence may be. They are brought before the board and asked if they feel that they

should be given clemency. It is surprising, but about fifty percent assert that they know of no reason why their sentences should be cut. I could hardly believe my own ears when I heard man after man one afternoon say there was no reason to be lenient with him.

On the other hand there are many men whose sentences should be cut. The court-martial may have given them a year or two more than the board considers right for the offense committed. (Continued on page 16)



Corner of mess at the Leavenworth Disciplinary Barracks. White-coated prisoner-waiter K. P.s standing ready to dish out the food



work, and continued getting ready for bed.

"But aren't you going to dress and drive out to see if the stock is safe—Neuadd and the rest?" exclaimed Mrs. London, startled by his lack of excitement.

"Oh, no—Eliza's there or will get there; Eliza will do all anyone can do," he answered wearily, taking off his collar.

Eliza did get there. It is recorded that on the night of the big exposition fire at Sacramento in 1916, Eliza—Mrs. Eliza London Shepard, Jack London's sister—turned back when almost at the door of her hotel, somehow bluffed her way through the cordon of police thrown about the blazing

cattle, sheep and hogs that fulfilled Jack London's dreams of setting for the farmers of his native State of California the ultimate perfection in stock standards.

Ten years have passed since the big fire at the fair ground in the capital of California. Jack London died shortly after the fire, and destiny in this year of 1926 has made Mrs. Eliza London Shepard president of The American Legion Auxiliary.

Jack London carried his lifetime's love of the sea with him to his ranch and to him its acres were decks. And he used to say: "Eliza is the captain I have picked out to run this particular ship of mine." And those who know Mrs. Shepard declare that the same ability which made her a good captain of a 1,400-acre ship is making her an inspiring leader of an organization of a quarter of a million women.

Immediately her election at the Auxiliary's national convention at Omaha became known, Mrs. Shepard was given a stereotyped label reflecting a universal habit of thinking. Invariably everybody said and the newspapers recorded that the new president was "Mrs. Eliza London Shepard, sister of the late Jack London." It has been that way a good many years now and Mrs. Shepard has become used to it. It's the penalty of fame.

Most certainly, however, Mrs. Shepard has a personality and record that would make her notable if her name were not associated with that of her brother. For Eliza London had made a name for herself in her native State of California before her brother's genius was recognized. Older than her brother, she was admitted to the practice of law in California when she was only

(Continued on page 17)

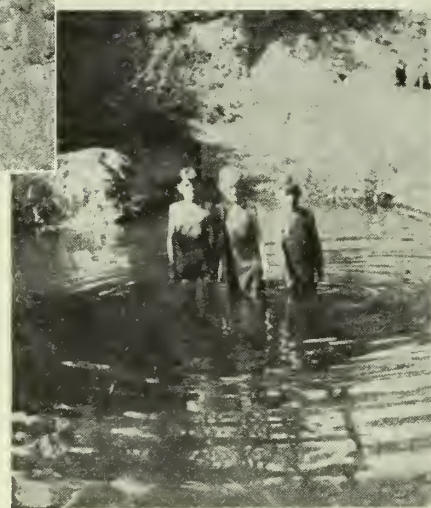
'Eliza Will Do All Anyone Can Do'

By CARTER JOHNSON

THE Sacramento state fair ground was afire. Flames shot upward in the night behind the towers of its buildings. The clouds above them flickered and glared with a terrifying reflection. Fire engines with clanging gongs and screeching sirens roared through the streets. Everywhere clamor, people shouting, the sound of crowds running. And everywhere the scent of smoke—thick enough to taste.

To a hotel window came Jack London, novelist, short story writer, adventurer of the Klondike, the South Seas and the slums of London. He looked toward the flaming fair ground.

"It's the exhibition going up, all right," he said to his wife, peering through the glare for the outlines of the towers. He turned away from the window, dead tired after a hard day's



A stone arch entrance (upper) that is typical of the construction work on Jack London Ranch that Mrs. Shepard managed before and after the death of her famous brother. The old swimming hole (center) on the ranch is the favorite playspot of Mrs. Shepard's grandchildren and their young friends

fair ground and marshaled the stockmen of the Jack London ranch to convoy her charges, the prize-winning animals, to an unthreatened space outside the fire area.

That fire might have been a great tragedy to Eliza London Shepard. For among the animals she had brought down from the 1,400 acre ranch of Glen Ellen in Sonoma County which she superintended were horses,



A recent photograph of Mrs. Eliza London Shepard, National President, American Legion Auxiliary

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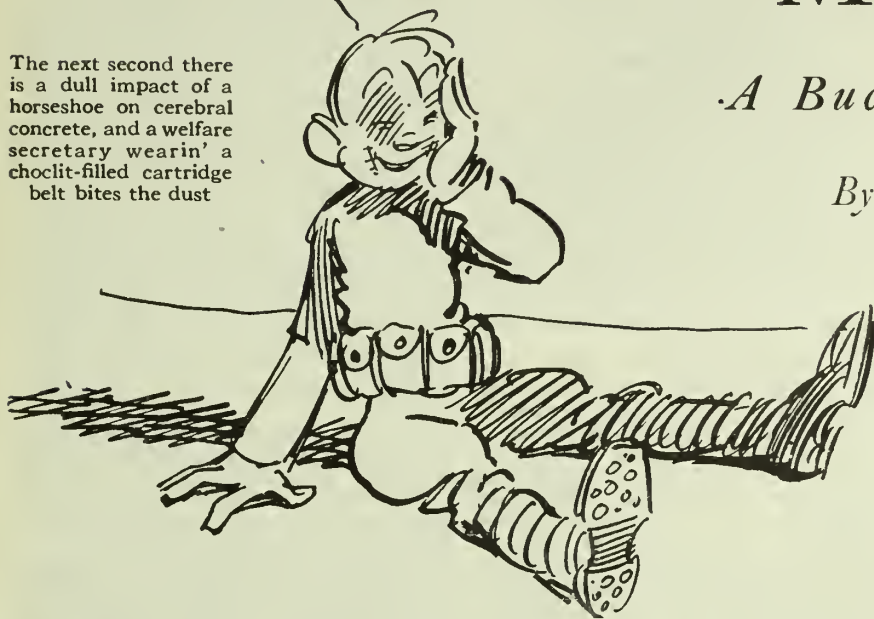
Love Me, Love My Mule

A Buck O'Dee Story

By EUGENE E.
MORGAN

*Illustrated by
Percy Crosby*

The next second there is a dull impact of a horseshoe on cerebral concrete, and a welfare secretary wearin' a chochlit-filled cartridge belt bites the dust



THE way some bimbos broadgass to the world about the number o' times they gold-bricked the detail after the Armistice in France makes me good and weary. To hear 'em tell it, there wasn't nobody but themselves which ever went A. W. O. L. to Paris in the colonel's side car, or flitted to Nice and Monte Carlo disguised in aviator's boots and spurs, or exchanged their kitchen police hash marks for naval ratings and took a cruise over the boundin' Alps as guests o' the Swiss admiralty.

It's natural for some birds to lie like statisticians. They been repeatin' the same story so many times that they actually believe it. But why shoot 'em, while they're happy?

I've gold-bricked some in my time, I have, but I don't claim to know all there is to the profession. There's lots o' fine points to gold-brickin'. Old time regular army red-necks tells me that a genuine *bricquet d'or* is born, not made, and that even veterans o' five hitches has still to perfect themselves in the art which was ancient when General Court-Martial was a corporal.

With the above gas attack in mind, I am now goin' to introduce you to the king o' gold-brickers. Mitt him, Buddy. This is Adolphus W. O'Leary, ex-Private, Infantry, U. S. A., A. E. F., S. O. L. What he didn't know about goin' absent without leave wasn't in the guardhouse lawyer's manual. The very first thing you noticed about him was the far-away, absent look in his eye. "Absence keeps the top-kick yonder" was A. W. O'Leary's pet refrain.

Why, say, this bird was known to B Company as "old A. W. O'L himself"! Somehow I always nursed a suspicion that O'Leary had been gave a extra shot when they vaccinated him against smallpox, chickenpox, scarlet fever, paratyphoid, cigaret stains, mumps, meningitis, housemaid's knee, halitosis and mange. For he was not only immune from ordinary ailments but he also defied jail fever to mow him down. It seems they couldn't get him behind iron bars. No guard-house metal could touch him—no sirree.

O'Leary was as wily and as stubborn as a mule. That's where he belonged, anyway, with the service company, tutorin' the jass-acks which dragged the combat wagons, water carts and chow cannons as far to the front as a mule or some staff officers could be trusted to go. But then old A. W. O'L had been classified by personnel ex-

perts in human form, so instead o' skinnin' mules which had been his rôle in civic life on his dad's Missouri mule hacienda, he was made into a foot soldier in B Company.

It nearly ruined him, but not quite. When we went into action O'Leary snapped out o' his skull-duggerin' and showed the meddle that was in him. He fought like a tiger, and never got left behind when there was a night patrol or wirin' party or other social event got up to prevent our ranks from

bein' decimated from ripe old age instead o' bein' strafed in its innocent, flamin' youth.

Nov. 11, 1918, the most pi-eyed day in world's history, the day when Germany pawned all its bayonets for fourteen points, will never be forgot by anybuddy which was up at the front. Unfortunate for me, I was havin' a swell time in Paris that day, my A. W. O. L. program bein' marred only by a few unavoidable collisions with M. P.'s and other goldbrick-layers. So I cannot describe as a eyewitness how the boys felt in the foxholes when the Prussians said quits with flyin' ammunition dumps. Nor can I paint for you a vivid picture of how a death-like stillness suddenly settled down on No Man's Land, and every doughboy drew a incredulous breath o' relief and no rations for the time bein'.

Old B Company was in a sort o' daze when the fightin' ended, not realizin' that they was free at any time to go right back to fightin' amongst themselves. Now that the world was made

safe for somethin' or other the boys naturally thought that all they would have to do from then on was to sleep and eat and drink and sing and loaf and drink while waitin' for the ferry to take 'em back to Heavenboken, N. J.

It was a shame to put the skids under that sweet dream. But scarcely had the peace dove begun to put the coo into

cooties when our gallant boys was rudely awoke with a nudge in the slats and a command borrowed from the marine's I. D. R.: "Bo, hit the deck!" But there



never was nor never will be no peace from 1st sergeants.

Well, at the very first peace-time roll call, who do you think was reported absent without leave? Old A. W. O'L himself! That absent-minded pick-handler had quit the outfit cold at the command "cease firin'" and it was the general opinion that he had took his intrenchin' tool and started for the States, where fancy sewer diggers is appreciated.

But then, a goldbrick has more angles than they learn you in solid g'ometry, if you wanna know.

* * * * *

"On to Berlin!"

With this slogan a large part o' the A. E. F. sprang over the boundary and into the Rhineland o' Germany. Ho for the land o' contented dash-hounds, where the frankfurter vine clammers up the sauerkraut tree and the rich foliage o' the anheuser-buschs shades the ripplin' frothing brooks o' 14 percent wurtzburger.

But for some reason our division, the noble and illustrious Curly Wolf outfit, wasn't ordered into Luxembourg or Germany with divisions like the 1st and 2nd, which had assisted us to win the war. Instead o' ramblin' Rhinewards we was moved back from the front to our old trainin' area in France, there to become franc terrors instead o' easy marks. Maybe the general staff was fearful o' the effect of our fightin' reputation on the conquered populations. Maybe it was a dirty trick put over by them as was jealous of our capacity for punishment, Rhine wine and seltzer.

Anyway, we Curley Wolves didn't get to tower Germany—as a division.

Among the lucky outfits which was ordered in, it was a mad race to see which should be first to reach Berlin. But somehow they didn't even get to the suburbs. Coblenz, not Berlin, was the new G. H. Q. o' Pershing's new Army o' No Occupation. And so the Yanks settled down in the Rhine valley, guardin' that stream which is called a river by them as have never saw the Mississippi, waitin' for rations and shoe leather and hungry enough to eat either, and makin' wise cracks about re-winding the watch on the Rhine.

Now, buddies, I'm goin' to put you on the inside of a secret. For a long time it has laid hidden in the ark hives. I have been cautioned about makin' this matter public, so I am just confidin' the details to my gentle readers, the principal radio stations, a few sewin' circles and the Associated Press.

One cold gray mornin' within a week after the Armistice, the advance guard o' the 765th Infantry o' the Bull Moose Division captured the village o' Kummeldorf, which nestles in the shadows o' forest covered hills about ten kilos nor'west o' Ehrenbreitstein.

Kummeldorf was strangely quiet, deserted and unresistin', not even a dog showin' its teeth when the advance guard, followin' up its point and ad-

vance party, arrived in the quaint village square, stacked arms and proceeded to unvest itself of its papoose packs and take off its shoes, the soles of which was worn as thin as a bigamist's alibi.

But there was to be no rest for Major Cromwell, commander o' the advance guard. He was a man of action, the kind which impresses you as bein' always full of ideas, fleas, etc. So he called for his adjutant.

"Send for the Burgomeister o' Kummeldorf," he commanded.

"Very well, sir," yesses the adj.

"Present my compliments and direct him to appear before me at once with the keys to the city. It is my duty to inform him that Kummeldorf is now under the martial law o' the United States, that the inhabitants must surrender whatever arms and ammunition they possess, and that they will be kindly but firmly treated while they are obedient to the laws and regulations which we will impose."

The adjutant salutes, clicks, and starts for the Rathaus, which is fritz for city hall. Not knowin' a word o' German he takes along a interpreter, a half-breed Indian bugler who once worked in a bowlin' alley in Milwaukee.

After the adj. and the interp. has disappeared in the Rathaus, Major Cromwell parades back and forth in front o' the fountain dedicated to Frederick the Great, the king which farmed out Wein Steuben to the American colonists, and awaits impatient the arrival o' the burgomeister. In the meantime the victorious Yanks under his command is tryin' to read the signs on the buildin's, wonderin' whether a "Gasthaus" is a place where you go to get

gassed. They found out soon enough. And the officers is talkin' in little groups, discussin' the advisability o' searchin' every house for hidden arms, bologna sausage, pigs' feet, etc.

After a short wait, the adjutant clatters out o' the Rathaus in a state o' high excitement.

"Sir, the burgomeister declines to see you or talk to you!" is his alarmin' report to Major Cromwell himself.

"W-h-a-t?" roars the commandin' officer. "Is this person not aware that Kummeldorf is now conquered territory, that the word o' the military is law, that the Stars and Stripes * * *"

"Look, sir!" cries the adjutant, pointin' toward the top o' the spire-like Rathaus tower.

Flappin' in the wind at that high eminence is a tiny American flag, the kind which the home folks gave us to pack into our comfort kits. The doughboys in the square send a cheer up to this little emblem, which seems to find sport in slappin' the nose of a grouchy old gargoye, which squats in a crapshootin' posture near the top o' the tower.

"Sir, the burgomeister protests that his village is already under the American flag," says the adjutant. "He is now in private conference with the new American commander, and says he cannot obey two masters at once."

"The 'new commander'!—impossible!" roars the major. "We, the advance guard o' this regiment, are the first to penetrate hostile territory in this direction. We have orders to establish headquarters in Kummeldorf. There is no possibility of a conflict of orders. Where is this self-styled so-called American commander, and who is he? I've got to know."

"Can't say, sir," shrugs the adjutant. "He refused to budge from the burgomeister's office, to which I was not admitted. He and the mayor seem to be on very close terms."

The major bawls out loud for one of his captains.

"Captain Bradwell."

"Yes, sir."

"Fall in a squad o' your best men, with fixed bayonets, and follow me."

The major draws his .45, but the adjutant clings to his best friend in time o' flood, fire or peril—his ridin' crop. Soon Capt. Bradwell manages to rescue eight of his six-foot bucks from the clutches o' the frauleins o' Kummeldorf, which are now out in full force to do homage to the conquerors as well as do 'em for choc'late bars.

It is a truly terrifyin' procession which stomps into the ancient Rathaus and up the creaky windin' stairs leadin' to the private chambers o' the burgomeister. This rough-on Rathaus major is in the lead, pistol in hand, closely followed by the ridin' crop, the adjutant, Capt. Bradwell, a tough sergeant, and eight husky doughboys with bayonets and determinations fixed.

Major Cromwell is no man to stand on ceremony when
(Continued on page 13)



When O'Leary learned he was to be let stay in Kummeldorf, even tho in arrest, he went loco with happiness

They're Off for That Million

CLUMPETY-CLUMP, clumpety-clump, clumpety-clump — the hoofbeats of that Orange Colored Horse of Florida sound like the staccato of a machine gun. She's going like a streak. She's past the half and on the three-quarter and she is picking up speed for the stretch. She's giving all she has for that March 1st finish line and the silver cup.

That's the way the Legion's 1926 departmental membership race looked on January 1st—the Orange Colored Horse of Florida out in front, with a strong lead, with the other departments coming up behind, Idaho, Ohio, Wyoming, Kansas and West Virginia pressing the leader. A fine field. The best New Year's Day showing of a national membership race in the Legion's history. The start of a year in which National Commander John R. McQuigg expects the Legion to enroll a million men.

Florida on January 1st was credited at National Headquarters with 5,234 paid-up 1926 members, 52 percent of the quota it is expected to reach before the year ends. Its total number of members for 1925 was 9,640. The Department not only is out to win the Henry D. Lindsley Trophy, the silver cup awarded annually to the department attaining the highest percentage of its previous year's membership by March 1st, but also to win the MacNider and D'Olier Trophies, awarded for best membership showings for the period of the year up to a date one month preceding the next National Convention. It also hopes to lead every other department on every percentage basis of comparison for 1926.

But watch those other horses coming up behind Florida. There is Idaho with 36 percent of its 1926 quota, Ohio and Wyoming with 31 percent each and Kansas and West Virginia with 28 percent each. And there is Minnesota with 25 percent. Not a bad start. One department over the half-way mark, seven over the quarter and nineteen with more than ten percent of the quotas assigned them.

Florida's big showing as 1926 started was due primarily to the battle it carried on with West Virginia for several months—a battle that ended December 31, 1925. Florida won with 5,234 members recorded on December 31st at National Headquarters. West Virginia had 3,034. However, Florida's 1925 membership was 9,640 and West Virginia's 5,895, so had the contest been based on percentage of renewals the race would have been neck and neck. As the contest prize, West Virginia will present to Florida a silver loving cup at the 1926 Florida department convention.

Not at all discouraged by Florida's victory over West Virginia, the Montana Department has challenged Florida to another contest, the winner to be the department having the biggest percentage of members on March 1st figured by the Lindsley Trophy rules.

Another membership contest that ended on December 31st resulted in a

How the States Started 1926

Here are figures showing the number of Legion members each department had in 1925, the number it had enrolled for 1926 on December 31, 1925, and the percentage of December 31st enrollment to 1926 membership quota. Figures for 1926 represent members recorded on the books of the National Treasurer on the date given. New tables will be published later to record the membership gains of all departments.

	1925	1926	Percent- age of 1926 quota
Alabama -----	2,877	38	.00345
Arizona -----	2,168	472	.1641
Arkansas -----	5,634	911	.08784
California -----	26,689	2,207	.0704
Colorado -----	4,778	---	---
Connecticut -----	7,538	983	.0754
Delaware -----	534	126	.0814
D. of Columbia -----	2,484	---	---
Florida -----	9,640	5,234	.5239
Georgia -----	5,744	1,143	.0881
Idaho -----	2,748	1,571	.3647
Illinois -----	47,455	11,628	.18939
Indiana -----	14,026	4,981	.1958
Iowa -----	34,504	8,250	.1991
Kansas -----	15,919	6,040	.2829
Louisiana -----	3,792	765	.0794
Maine -----	5,481	509	.0746
Maryland -----	2,288	244	.0240
Massachusetts -----	29,599	---	---
Michigan -----	18,274	3,611	.1132
Minnesota -----	26,894	7,677	.2585
Mississippi -----	3,252	1,031	.1379
Missouri -----	10,395	157	.0052
Montana -----	3,600	---	---
Nebraska -----	22,200	---	---
Nevada -----	794	37	.0344
New Hampshire -----	4,616	353	.0700
New Jersey -----	12,487	1,121	.0419
New Mexico -----	1,855	---	---
New York -----	60,440	3,147	.03319
North Carolina -----	7,692	1,241	.0964
North Dakota -----	7,524	1,860	.1924
Ohio -----	29,674	14,247	.3129
Oklahoma -----	14,148	3,989	.2375
Oregon -----	8,949	1,640	.1644
Pennsylvania -----	51,101	4,388	.0643
Rhode Island -----	2,827	809	.1468
South Carolina -----	4,117	348	.0472
South Dakota -----	12,116	1,358	.1029
Tennessee -----	7,348	---	---
Texas -----	10,540	2,356	.0748
Utah -----	2,055	446	.1047
Vermont -----	2,937	248	.0666
Virginia -----	5,912	1,163	.0891
Washington -----	9,553	---	---
West Virginia -----	5,895	3,034	.2859
Wisconsin -----	25,790	3,292	.1252
Wyoming -----	2,756	881	.3147
Alaska -----	527	---	---
Argentine -----	64	3	.0476
Brazil -----	74	---	---
British Isles -----	126	---	---
Canada -----	83	---	---
China -----	82	---	---
Cuba -----	187	62	.3522
France -----	931	194	.1763
Guatemala -----	21	---	---
Hawaii -----	670	100	.1116
Mexico -----	535	133	.2216
Panama -----	325	34	.068
Philippine Is. -----	123	---	---
Porto Rico -----	23	---	---

victory for Ohio over Iowa. This contest was based on three conditions, first, the greatest percentage of the entire quota assigned for 1926, second, the greatest percentage of average membership for the years 1920 to 1925, and third, the greatest percentage of 1925 membership figured as of September 5, 1925. Largely as a result of this contest Ohio had on record December 31st, 14,247 paid-up members of 1926, 31 percent of the quota assigned for this year, and half as many members as it had in 1925. Iowa had 8,250 paid-up 1926 members, nineteen percent of its 1926 quota and one-fourth of its membership total for the preceding year.

Minnesota is contending with Iowa in another membership contest which ends March 15th. The department having the greatest number of paid-up members on the books of the National Treasurer on that date will win. The January 1st standing in this contest was: Minnesota, 7,677; Iowa, 8,250. Minnesota gathered strength for this battle by defeating Michigan in a contest which ended December 31st. On that date Minnesota's 7,677 members overshadowed Michigan's 3,611. The Organization and Membership Division will present to Minnesota, as the winner of this contest, a "little brown jug" trophy at the Philadelphia National Convention. Michigan, however, won a similar contest with Wisconsin, which had enrolled 3,292 members on December 31st.

Idaho defeated Utah in a contest for greatest membership by December 31st, enrolling 1,571 members, 36 percent of its 1926 quota, to Utah's 446 members, ten percent of the 1926 quota.

And now Texas and Oklahoma are going to fight it out with members to determine which State is entitled to the honor of being the future owner of the Old Gray Mare. The department having the greatest membership fifteen days before the Philadelphia National Convention will be the winner. If Texas loses, she must give up all claim to the Old Gray Mare—band and all. Oklahoma claims it originated the Old Gray Mare march anyway. Texas had 2,356 members signed up for 1926 on January 1st and Oklahoma had 3,989, but each department was just getting started. Oklahoma's membership, however, represented 23 percent of the quota assigned to it. Considering the difference in population of the two States—Texas has almost twice as many eligible service men as Oklahoma—the contest recalls David and Goliath. But anybody who knows what Oklahoma has done would hesitate to place any bets against her.

And there is still another contest—a three-cornered fight in which Illinois, Pennsylvania and New York are squaring off. The winner will be the department which shows the greatest percentage of membership on June 1, 1926, as compared with June 1, 1925. The department having the lowest percentage will present a silver cup to the winner.

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

"The Old Man Is Going to Crack—"

DESPITE the wonderful advances in medical science since the World War, physicians have not yet learned to kill the germ of tuberculosis by direct attack. The bacillus of tuberculosis is the armored tank of the germ armies. As it advances into battle against human tissues, it is protected by an outer covering as effective as a coat of mail, a covering resistant to the action of most germicides except those which would destroy living tissue as well as the microscopic invader. So medical science keeps on with its research, attempting to find new ways of overcoming and destroying the tuberculosis germ by flank attacks and by rallying for the defense of the threatened human body those natural enemies of disease and allies of health—rest, good food and a contented mind.

By living strictly according to hospital rules, the tuberculosis patient in a Veterans Bureau hospital has every chance of winning a victory over the disease. But, even at best, he can never be sure that his is the final victory. Classified as an arrested case, discharged from hospital, he must still continue to regulate his life largely by the rules he learned in the hospital. Should he engage in violent or excessively prolonged work, should he violate the rules of diet, should he indulge in dissipation, he probably will find himself back in the hospital, suffering again from his disease in an active stage, with less chance of recovery than he had originally.

Unfortunately the demands of earning a living in competitive society place upon the man discharged from hospital the seeming necessity of doing just those things he ought not do. Discharged from hospital, he is given comparatively small compensation. The more faithful he has been in his observance of the rules while in the hospital, the more apparent his recovery, the smaller his compensation will be. If he continues well, his compensation may be reduced or taken away. To earn a living for himself and his family he is driven by necessity to do what he is best fitted to do, and often his occupation is the direct pathway to a relapse.

The American Legion is asking Congress to amend the present law to save the man classified as an arrested case. It asks that he be given a permanent compensation rating of a sufficient amount to enable him to offset his own handicap in competition with able-bodied men. Here is a letter from a service man in Louisiana which is heart-convincing testimony that the legislation should be enacted without delay:

I recognize that I am faring better than a great many other men with apparently arrested cases of TB. But here are the facts. Two long years in Base Hospital No. 27 taking the cure and trying to feed and clothe my wife and four children on my compensation. My only ambition in those days was to get well so I could make a better living for them. Therefore, strict observance of all rules and regulations, knowing that the welfare of those I loved was as much at stake as my own life.

Then eighteen months in vocational training as a photographer. This in my impaired condition took quite a few guts, but it was up to me to make good in order to qualify for a job alongside able-bodied men when my training period should end. During this period we managed very well, because my training boss thought enough of my services to pay me, more or less according to business conditions, in addition to my training pay. But many an evening have I come home utterly exhausted and

fagged out, feeling that tomorrow I just had to rest. Inclination and necessity, however, do not ride the same horse. The next day always found me on duty.

Then the ending of the training period—and the ending of training pay. The beginning of root hog or die, old boy, and \$20 a month compensation, or 20 percent. Apparently arrested case doing very nicely!

Oh yes, I am still in the harness getting along as best I can, working twelve to fourteen hours a day. On my salary and the \$20 a month compensation I manage to exist and keep a roof over my wife and the kids. But exist is all we are doing. I often shudder when I think what would happen should I lose just one week by sickness, or should one of the family become very sick. And some day the old man (now 46) is going to crack—not, however, as long as will power will avoid it.

Photography is supposedly nice and easy work such as an arrested TB case should manage nicely, but is it? Working in dark rooms with no ventilation and full of chemical fumes for hours at a time, lugging a fifty-pound camera and case around town by hand and climbing fire escapes, etc., with such an outfit may be easy for a young and able-bodied person, but certainly it is not for an old TB.

May we succeed in getting this legislation passed is the fervent hope of myself and thousands of others in like situation. It would mean that we would be put on a permanent rating and not be obsessed with the idea that some day we might have even the little compensation we now receive taken from us.

Sound Progress in Child Welfare

THERE were those who were apprehensive lest The American Legion in starting its efforts to help the orphaned and needy children of World War service men would rush blindly into a cumbersome system under which large numbers of children would be speedily assembled in national institutions. Time has shown that the Legion's program not only was rightly conceived but also that, based on the principle of decentralization which leaves to the National Child Welfare Division only those tasks, which cannot be more effectively accomplished by the state departments, the program has accomplished all that was expected of it.

John W. Gorby, National Director of the Child Welfare Division, reports that while in the first eight months of the division's work more than 10,000 children have been aided in some degree through the Legion and American Legion Auxiliary agencies, it has been necessary for the national division to handle but 178 cases. Under the policy of decentralization, the remainder of the cases were admirably taken care of by the Legion child welfare organizations which are being built up in practically every department. Obviously, if it is possible for the Legionnaires of any State to secure suitable new homes within the State for the orphaned children of veterans who need them or to give assistance to other children, nothing would be gained by sending the children to the three children's billets which are now in operation.

There will, of course, be an increasingly large number of children who can only be adequately helped by temporary care, for short or long periods, in the billets. Miss Emma C. Puschner, National Field Secretary of the Division, has made an individual study of each case submitted to that body, which directly helped 158 children whose problems were too complicated for adjustment by the Legion organization of the states in which they lived.

Pennsylvania supplies an example of the extent of the work being done by the department organizations. In this State, E. E. Hollenback, chairman of the Department Child Welfare Committee, handled 200 cases of assistance without referring them to the national division.

As the work already begun is extended, naturally the number of cases requiring action by the national division will increase, as will the number of children in the billets. The principle of decentralization, however, has been proved fundamentally sound as the basis for all future development of the program.

A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

The week in which I write has been much "jazzed." Aside from the usual number of youths who have been jazzed into becoming bandits, Crown Prince Carol of Rumania became so jazzed up in the company of another woman whom he prefers to the Crown Princess, that he renounced the throne. The Chief of Police of Budapest, other high officials and a royal Prince in Hungary, were revealed as having been jazzed into counterfeiting French bank notes.

Jazz and So Forth

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, who has had a long career in the headlines, became so jazzed on gin that she tried again to commit suicide. Miss Ellin Mackay, granddaughter of a self-made bonanza mining "king" gave the public a jazz sensation by eloping with Irving Berlin, the self-made "king" of Broadway jazz composers. At last accounts, Papa Mackay had not been jazzed into forgiveness to make the course of the great jazz love run smooth.

These items attracted international attention. I have in mind one that attracted only local attention, or as they would say on Broadway, "hick" or provincial attention. Her colleagues and two thousand pupils gathered at a memorial meeting in honor of their late beloved teacher, Miss Cheyney, in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Probably many of those present at the memorial meeting like to listen to jazz. There is a difference between that and jazzing, or being jazzed. Many a man who makes his living on Tin Pan Alley, under the White Lights of Broadway, is taking care to bring up his children so that they will not be jazz hounds, and hopefully under the instruction of teachers like Miss Cheyney. We do not want our homes or statesmanship to be jazzed. Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Berlin will have that in mind when they settle down in their own home.

N. R. writes under the letter head of his store in Ann Arbor, Michigan, as the result of a paragraph in the Page

A Very Much Jazzed Letter

which noted that the Italian language papers of New York refused to publish a paid advertisement of some article on Mussolini in the New York *World*. I also remarked that I should like to see the time when there were no foreign-language newspapers in our country.

"There was a time when there were no foreign-language newspapers in the United States," says N. R. "Those were the days when corrupt politicians, slave drivers and crooked employers made themselves rich by exploiting the ignorant foreigners. But, thanks to the foreign-language newspapers which shed the light, we live under better conditions.

"I am sorry for a fellow who cannot read or write more than one language. He's like the fellow who never left the county line.

"Mussolini is the man of the century. The Italian race is the greatest on earth. Now tell me that if I don't like this country I can leave it. I probably will."

How many Italians in America feel in this way? I wish N. R. a pleasant voyage, while I wonder if he will make as good a living in Italy as he makes in the United States. The Italians are a great race; we want the Italians in America to join in making the great American race. The Germans are another great race. They once had the

same kind of enthusiasm about the Kaiser that N. R. has about Mussolini. It cost the world thousands of lives. The Germans have changed their mind about the Kaiser.

This ought to be broadcast. California Hut Post, Los Angeles, is composed exclusively of disabled men. J. S.

And They Are All Disabled

Halloran has not missed a post meeting for three years. The post had one hundred percent paid-up membership for 1926 by November 30, 1925. It plans to have one hundred percent membership increase by next August for its department convention. That being the spirit of a post of disabled men, can we expect less of posts of able-bodied men?

R. C. M. of Keyser, West Virginia, comes forward with "Silurian" as a name for the youth who hang about village streets at night ogling girls, in place of "gutter pups," which was hard on the friend of man. Silurian refers to the lowest form of invertebrate life

Silurian Will Do

found in geological strata. The Silurian lived in the mud, knew only mud.

Many statesmen have flirted with the wet vote without committing themselves far enough to make the dry vote desert their standards as party candidates. Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland is not flirting. He is out for the repeal of the Volstead Act; he holds that National Prohibition is a failure. On this platform his friends are training him for the presidency.

He opposes the present processes that are centralizing power in the national government; he is for a return to states rights and less interference with individual liberties and social occasions.

Therefore, all advocates of light wines and beers now have a leader. There is no longer a headless opinion. They can make Ritchie president if they are strong enough; or, failing that, he can give headway to a movement which will see his principles become law. The bootleggers will be against him. They are prospering too richly under present conditions to favor a change.

If the Wets do not cease talking and stand up to be counted then Prohibition remains by default. Are the Wets as numerous as is claimed? Or, is it that when the test comes they will not vote against Prohibition? Will some remain silent because light wines and beers will not satisfy them and they want whisky or nothing? Two of the women in Congress are reported as against the Volstead Act and the third leans that way. But neither they nor Ritchie want the saloon back. Who does?

It is the prospect of the return of the saloon which chills the anti-Volstead ardor of many who think that anyone who chooses should be able legally to buy light wines and beers instead of illegally buying synthetic poison from bootleggers. We are told that we are a people of extremes. Will legalized beverages with small alcoholic content not lead to our demanding more of the "stuff with a kick"? Will the fellow who "takes his hard liquor like a man" limit himself to light wines and beer if they are lawful?

Not the Charleston

By Wallgren



Love Me, Love My Mule

(Continued from page 8)

dealin' with enemy populations. He don't stand for long on the welcome mat, either. He twists the heavy, ornamental handle on the burgomeister's office door, and kicks in a panel while shovin' it open. The anteroom is occupied by a scared woman clerk, but the major don't pause to send in his card. Straight into the sanctum o' the burgomeister he charges, and when he enters his eyes are dazzled by a spectacle which oughta be painted for historical purposes.

The air is heavy with tobacco smoke, the kind you might expect to buy in a gassed-house. At one end of a round table sits his honor, the burgomeister, which has managed to preserve his bulgin', stream-line figure in spite o' war rations. Across from the mayor is a young Yank in buck private's attire. This Yank is executin' parade rest with his feet on the table and he is cheerfully poisonin' his lungs with a big, china-bowl pipe, and furthermore he is shakin' up the foam on a stein which is large enough for a umbrella stand. On a chair near by is a keg, on which "taps" has been sounded.

"Uh-hu-ump!" grumbles Major Cromwell, wavin' his tonsils wildly to attract attention.

Now the Yank buck private which has elected himself commandant o' Kummeldorf by a overwhelmin' majority happens to look up and for the first time lamps the major, with his pistol, and the glistenin' bayonets, not to mention the savage ridin' crop. But the doughboy don't lose his head or nothin' like that. Private A. W. O'Leary, late o' the Curly Wolf Division, always knows his oil. He drops the pipe, drains the stein and parks it under the table. Then he leaps to his feet, clicks his heels to attention, looks the major in the eye, raises his right hand smartly—and wipes his foamy mouth on his cuff!

* * * * *

The story o' the buck private which had gone A. W. O. L. after the Armistice, stole a motorcycle, invaded Germany ahead o' the American forces of occupation and then captured a city all by himself, spread slowly from outfit to outfit thro' the Rhineland. Finally the tale trickled into France and reached the village o' Beautemps, where B Company happened to be winterin' instead of at Miami, Pasadena or Palm Beach.

Promptly our skipper secured authority to send a sergeant and two privates across into Germany, to take Private O'Leary from the custody o' the 765th Infantry and fetch him back to Beautemps, where he would get plenty o' daily dozens on the woodpile and wouldn't suffer from rich food in our home-made jail. Sergt. Crozier was picked to head the detail which would bring back this notorious character, and his troops consisted o' two o' B Company's finest, Private Pete Weicherlich and Buck O'Dee, readin' from left to right.

The whole town, includin' O'Leary, was attendin' a horse show when we reached Kummeldorf. So we goes out to it. As we arrived at the ring-

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The American Legion Weekly

Indianapolis, Ind.

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side O'Leary came walkin' out o' the arena, as proud as a profiteerin' peacock and leadin' by the halter one gray coated American mule. I never see such a ritzy mule. It had been brushed, curried, combed, barbered and manicured until it posilutely shone. It smelled lavishly o' tonsorial college perfume. Its bobbed mane had been braided with red, white and blue ribbons, and its tail had been done up with the infantry colors in chiffon. Even its ears was decorated with cotton tassels. All in all it was a beauty parade by itself, only I didn't favor the deceitful look in its eye.

And no wonder O'Leary was proud. His mule had copped the horse show blue ribbon for bein' the best groomed animal in the brigade! (We found out later that, when his talent for mule skinnin' was discovered, the supply officer o' the 765th hadn't told nobody but had just had him transferred into his outfit, where mules was the main problem.)

We tried to signal O'Leary to extend him our congratulations; also the bad news that he was goin' back to Beaumonts as our prisoner. But before we could reach his side a large, straw-colored German fraulein leaped at him, crushed him to her buzzum, dealt him a resoundin' smack, and then carried her felicitations on to the mule. The fraulein's father and mother was with her, and they also fell to fondlin' the sleek and shiny animal and callin' it Dutch pet names. O'Leary finally untangles himself an' begins addressin' the mule in the bluff, open hearty way which has lifted what was a trade to one o' the fine arts.

"Private O'Leary!" pipes a welfare secretary, tuggin' at his choclit filled cartridge belt in a millinery manner, "how often have I reproved you for using such vile, blasphemous and intolerable language in front o' ladies and gentlemen and innocent animals? My patience has finally been exhausted. In behalf of all righteous and forward-lookin' people, I must prefer charges against you forthwith. Sergeant, arrest that man!"

He gave this order to Sergt. Crozier, who wore side-arms and had every appearance o' bein' on duty. Under ordinary circumstances the sarge wasn't takin' no orders from every welfare secretary, any more than from a third lieutenant from the officers' trainin' camp. But what else has Crozier come to Kummeldorf for, except to arrest A. W. O'L? The sarge takes a reluctant step forward. This puts heart in the secretary, who toddles right alongside O'Leary, elbows his fraulein to one side, and taps the mule skinner on his barrel chest.

"My man, you are our prisoner!" says the seck, with all the vigor of a ladies' seminary singin' teacher.

"Well, I'll be—" begins O'Leary, lookin' at Crozier.

As he paused, the gray mule laid its ears back. It did this, I thought, in order to listen to its master's voice, intonin' some favorite selections from the world's artists in profanity. But you see, I didn't know mules. This combat wagon gazelle draws up its left rear hoof, as if searchin' for its hip pocket. The next second—*klop!* There is a gray flash, the dull impact of a horse shoe on cerebral concrete, and a welfare secretary bites the dust!

The plump fraulein gives a little cry and is first to reach the side o' the prostrate man. After her come litter bearers, of which there is always a plentiful supply at infantry horse shows. O'Leary gives his long-eared man-killer a slap on the collar, which only makes it show its teeth in a broad grin.

"Whoa, Tornado — you \$" (***) he remarks, in words o' stun syllable.

Sergt. Crozier keeps lookin' first at O'Leary and then at the animal named "Tornado." He is still undecided when I whispers:

"Pss-sst, Sarge! Let's wait and pinch him when he ain't got his gang wit' him!"

My advice was took kindly by the sergeant, who shared my profound respect for mules and H. E. grenades. So instead o' pinchin' O'Leary, we left him and his sugar fraulein and the medicos tryin' to bring that welfare secretary back to some semblance o' life, and we adjourned to the Wilhelmstrasse of the town, where we found the time for openin' the bars, or Gasthausen, had arrive. We was guided to a Gasthaus called the White Horse because it didn't sell white mule, our guide bein' the noise which emulated from indoors. The din was neither orchestral nor Gunga. It was just that well-known song about the lady in Barley Duc, with accompaniments by Malt & Hops.

When we crashed the drum we found most o' the second battalion o' the 765th Infantry lined up at or near the bar, and they was wadin' knee deep in paper marks. Ho boy, them was the days o' the empire! The rate of exchange was somethin' awful in our favor, marks bein' quoted at about a dime a bucketful, and the humblest doughboy which owed most of his jack to the Government on a blind felt like a millionaire. The only difference was that he needed no pain killer to keep his conscience quiet.

Well, it looked like a big night at the White Horse—no stall! Us three musty beers from the Curly Wolf Division made friends rapid with the Bull Moose Division warriors o' the Army o' No Occupation, and they let us join 'em in song, which was very kind, as we intended to anyways. Against the advices o' Sergt. Crozier and Pete I got up on the only chair which wasn't wrecked and then I give them Amerocs the low-down on who won the war. * * *. (Here, Mr. Editor, sir, please throw in some Astor's risks. They'll look like the stars I saw right after I told 'em.)

The next mornin' I come to in a regimental hospital. But it might o' been worse; I could still peep out o' one eye. The first thing my rovin' optic encountered was that welfare secretary, Mr. Jones. He was propped up to a sittin' posture in the adjoinin' cot, his head bandaged like a Riffian chief, and he was drinkin' broth. At his bedside stood my old pal, A. W. O'Leary, who had his arm around the ample waist o' the same fraulein which had been associatin' with him the day before. The young couple had dropped in to see how the secretary which had been wrecked by "Tornado" was gettin' along, not dreamin' what other human wreckage they would meet—victims o' the White Horse, for instance.

When I got out o' the hospital a few days later I find that Sergeant Crozier

and Pete are waitin' for me to go back to Beautemps. Whoa there, buddy! We ain't takin' O'Leary! The supply officer o' the 765th had once been a politician and hadn't got over it, so he got the champeen mule skinner o' France transferred from the Curly Wolf division. When O'Leary learned he was to be let stay in Kummeldorf, even tho in arrest, he went loco with happiness. We wasn't sore at goin' back to Beautemps without him, at that.

* * * * *

Fate deals some queer hands. Who would ever think that, three years after the Big Brawl was over, I would meet A. W. O'Leary again, but this time in his regal room-and-bath suite in the Emissary Hotel, overlookin' Park Avenue, New York City. Some different from wartime billets, I hope to tell yuh!

"Buck!" groans O'Leary, holdin' his brow. "My luck has turned agin me!"

And then he tells me, after showin' me a big bundle o' letters wrote in German that come from Emma, the girl he left behind him in Kummeldorf. It seems he's just had a telephone call from her father and brother sayin' they was goin' to call on him that afternoon, and he's white under the gills because he's walked out on her and is all ready to accept orders from a little baby stare in Joplin, Mo. He finishes his story almost a wreck.

"Well, I'm certainly s'prised, A. W. O'L," I says with some asperion. "I thought you was crazy about that fraulein. Why, when we was gettin' ready to take you away from Kummeldorf in arrest you nearly passed out. And when your captain fixed it up for you to stay there you went dippy with joy. And now to throw over the object o' your affections—"

"I never threw over the object o' my affections," denies O'Leary. "After demobilization I bought her, and now she's haulin' a ash wagon in—"

"Who, Emma is?"

"Naw, Tornado, my fav'rite mule."

"O-ho. While you was in Kummeldorf you was promotin' a mule, not the madschen."

"Yes, Buck, I was sure strong for that mule. It was the best—"

"But these letters. They're from Emma Geschwindt, but she's a long way off."

"Yes, and her father and her brother are here in New York."

"Shucks! I've seen her dad. But her brother—I never heard o' him."

"Well, Buck, that's what worries me. Emma's brother is a fighter, a first sergeant in the kaiser's storm troops. Over six feet high, and his face scarred in hand-to-hand combat on both fronts. He's one tough square-head, I'm tellin' you. They've hunted me half 'way across the United States and back again. This mornin' I received a telephone warnin' in broken English from Big Brother himself. He says they're comin' up to this room at four o'clock and that they mean business!"

"Sufferin' katzenjammer!"

"Yes, and I've decided to have it out with them, once and for all. Buck, you take this .45 cannon. The magazine is loaded to the brim. I've got another on my hip. Now, I'll take cover behind the trunk, and you cross-fire on 'em from behind the bathroom

door. The second they make a false move or draw a gat, we'll cook 'em. We'll put dimples in their derbies. We'll mow 'em down like we was back in the Argonne."

We had barely took up our positions when there was a hammer on the door like a iron heel or a gun butt or something. O'Leary sings "come in," the door crashes open and the German army advances upon us. Sure enough, that big brother is the kind of a German which used to give rookies nightmares. His civvies fits tight over his massive form, and from his watch chain an old iron cross jingles.

"Herr von Leary, I belief," pants the kaiser's top kick.

"That's myself," admits A. W. O'L, peerin' over the trunk and releasin' the safety catch on his .45.

Big Brother's hand whips to his hip pocket. In a flash he pulls out what at first appears to be a bloody shirt, but is only a bandanna handkerchief the size of a shelter half.

"Ach Himmel!" he gasps, wipin' his brow. "We iss nearly dead, alretty, tryin' to find you, Herr von Leary."

Levelin' his shootin' iron so as to get 'em both in line o' fire. O'Leary demands in battle accents.

"Well, I suppose you've come here to see me about Emma."

At the mention o' the fair lady's name the big brother does a funny thing. He leans back his head and lets out a cackle. Then he winks at O'Leary and slaps his old man on the back, and they both laugh as if there's some big joke just burstin' to be told.

"Emma—ein schonste fraulein, nicht var?" laughs the big Heinie. "Ach, but let us go down to bissiness, Herr von Leary."

"Look here," blurts my pal. "I never promised the girl nothin'—"

"I beg from your pardon, Herr von Leary, but you did bromise alretty dot ven you wass in Amerika once more alretty, you would send us your brices from der finest mules."

"Prices on mules?"

"Sure. You iss in der mule bissiness, iss it not?"

"Well," admits O'Leary, layin' down his artillery, "they call me a mule magnate in Missouri."

"And der mules iss vot we want in Chermany mitt impatience, iss it not, Vater? Neffer wass a finer animal dan der mule. He iss strong, he iss hard working, he iss patient, he iss intelligence, he iss stubborn—all der finest qualities vat der iss. Der farmers in der Vaterland iss vericht—vot you call crazy, about der Yankee mule. We can sell t'ousands of der mules in Chermany mit a fine brofit, alretty—"

O'Leary has sunk into a chair, and is holdin' on to his head like it was spinnin' away from him.

"Wa-a-ait a minute! Hold your mules!" he implores. "Are you absolutely sure that your sister Emma has nothin' to do with all this?"

"Emma!" roars her brother. "Ach, you haff not der news ge-heard, alretty? Emma iss der happy bride, yess. She was last week ge-married in Altoona, Pa., to der seckretary from der welfare-verein, Herr Chones, who wass by der mule ge-socked alretty."

"Well, I'll—"

Thus began O'Leary. But he never finished it, outa respect for Mr. Jones.

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'As a Court-Martial May Direct'

(Continued from page 5)

The board has the record of the case before it and the history of the man. They hear his story. If he feels that he was not given a fair trial the board looks into it. It is all-powerful, and cuts hundreds of sentences every year. Not one A. E. F. lifer is doing life now. Every one has had his sentence cut down to twenty years at most.

Next comes the Battalion Board. This board considers men for the Disciplinary Battalion. There is probably no higher esprit de corps in any group of soldiers than in the D. B. A man who has been sentenced to Leavenworth and who behaves himself has a chance to make the battalion. If he was convicted of a felony his case has to be passed to the Adjutant General of the Army, Major General Robert C. Davis, under whom the Barracks functions. If General Davis decides that a man, although convicted of a felony, wants to make good, he allows him to enter the battalion. From the battalion he goes back into the ranks of the Army, and probably becomes a non-commissioned officer.

A third board considers every prisoner for parole. It keeps track of the good time earned by prisoners and the cuts in sentence given by the Clemency Board. If a prisoner applies for home parole they secure a "first friend" for him, and, in conjunction with the chaplain, help him get employment. When he becomes eligible he is, as a rule, sent home on parole.

The Disciplinary Battalion was established October 1, 1913. Selected non-commissioned officers from the Army at large were sent for duty with it. In those early days the men were drilled in the functions of Infantry, Cavalry and Field Artillery. In 1916 the War Department made a definite organization of a battalion of four companies—one first sergeant and nine duty sergeants for each company, and one battalion sergeant major. Since the war the strength of the battalion and the number of men under sentence has decreased so that the table of organization shows one first sergeant, one staff sergeant and nine duty sergeants. During the war the battalion was moved to cantonments, but in 1921 it was moved back to the prison. During the war the battalion strength was about four hundred. Today it maintains an average of seventy-five men. Infantry drill alone is now taught.

Not all prisoners are assigned to the battalion. A man who is mentally unfit is never assigned. A man who says that he doesn't want to be assigned—that all he wants is to serve his time and get out—is not assigned.

When a man goes to the battalion he knows he is going into intensive training. He is taught personal hygiene, care of the uniform, the school of the soldier, squad and company; the care of arms and equipment; musketry; estimating distances; knots and lashings—and given a course in school.

The first month the candidate, as he is called, is taught the school of the soldier, without rifles. The next month covers the school of the squad with rifles. The third and final stage is the school of the company, with rifles. Friday morning of each week is spent in

musketry instruction until each man qualifies. They are not passed from one course to another until qualified. Knots and lashings are taught during inclement weather. The school course takes in military courtesy, guard duty, map reading, and lectures calculated to make the men better citizens.

When a man has completed his time in the battalion he comes before the board for restoration. In some cases he is given a blue discharge—neither honorable nor dishonorable—and in others sent to an organization. Several units of the Army have standing requests that all restored men available be sent to them. They know that in a former member of the battalion they have a real soldier.

That the battalion graduates are picked men can be shown by actual figures. About fifteen percent of the men considered for the battalion are assigned to it. Of this number about half are restored to duty. Between eighty and ninety percent of the battalion graduates make good. They are followed up for two years, for it is considered that if a man has kept out of trouble that long he's all right.

The Disciplinary Battalion, of course, represents only one side of life at Leavenworth. At the other extreme are the "special gangs." These are prisoners of bad character who would be a menace to the rest of the prison population if allowed to mingle with them. The special gangs are housed in a wing of the prison by themselves and work by themselves. They take their recreation in a part of the prison yard where they cannot come in contact with other prisoners. They eat in a different section of the dining hall, apart from the other men.

Incidentally, the food at the Disciplinary Barracks is as good as in any outfit in the Army. I reached Leavenworth just before dinner. That noon we had fried fish with cream sauce, corn on the cob, potatoes, greens, bread and iced tea, all in plenty. The following Sunday, dinner consisted of steak and potatoes, vegetable salad, bread and tea. The vegetables served were all fresh from the prison farm.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

YEOMEN F.—Girls who served in Navy are invited to reunion under auspices of Yeomen F. Post, A. L., Philadelphia, Pa., in Elks Gold Room, Philadelphia, Feb. 4. Address Miss Maybelle M. Bond, 3915 Pine St., Philadelphia.

OFFICERS, 803d PIONEER INF.—Annual reunion at Al Tearn's Town Club, 619 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., 6:30 p. m., Feb. 6. Address S. W. Robinson, Room 549, 10 S. LaSalle St., Chicago.

BASE HOSP. 3—Seventh annual reunion at Hotel Astor, New York City, 7 p. m., Feb. 6. Address Dr. J. Asch, 576 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FIELD HOSP. 134 (34th Div.)—Seventh annual reunion at North Western Hotel, Des Moines, Ia., 6:30 p. m., Feb. 6. Address W. L. Harmer, Iowa State College Extension Service Dept., Ames, Ia.

66TH ARTY., C. A. C.—Annual reunion at Providence, R. I., Feb. 20. Address T. Dawson Brown, 71 Peck St., Providence.

Co. A, 104TH ENG. (29th Div.)—Third reunion banquet at Achtel-Stetter's, 842 Broad St., Newark, N. J., 7 p. m., Feb. 27. Address Edwin W. Gould, 35 Coeyman St., Newark.

'Eliza Will Do All Anyone Can Do'

(Continued from page 6)

twenty-one. And in the earlier years of Jack London's writing career, Mrs. Eliza Shepard, one of the pioneer women lawyers of the United States, was a member of a successful law firm in Oakland.

Later, when Jack London's stories brought him both fame and wealth and he made himself master of the huge ranch, hedged in by mountains and canyons, he entrusted the management of his ranch to Mrs. Shepard. While he himself spent his mornings on the ranch writing his thousand words a day and his afternoons inspecting the continuous work of development of his fields and groves and planning for the future growth, his sister, admirably qualified by nature and doubly qualified by her legal training, supervised the actual work of carrying out his ideas.

Before leaving on one of his trips—and, as everybody knows, he made them often, traveling to the world's centers and its four corners—Jack London was in the habit of plotting out for his sister the work of the ranch he wished done while he was away. He died suddenly as he was about to start on a trip to New York, and he spent his last evening in the world telling Mrs. Shepard of the school for the children of the ranch and the general store he wished to find upon his return from the New York trip. Mrs. Shepard had told him his plans would be carried out—the school building would be started immediately and the teacher would be obtained from the school authorities of the district, the general store would follow accepted practice by stocking everything from threshing machines to needles and spools of thread. And Mrs. Shepard had suggested that while they were about it they might as well have a postoffice on the ranch, since most of the mail arriving at the town of Glen Ellen, several miles distant, was addressed to Jack London.

"You mean it?" he asked whimsically. "All right, old girl, I'm with you."

Those were his last words. The following morning, at the time he would have been starting on his trip, he was found unconscious. He died a few hours later.

The Glen Ellen ranch, the setting of one of Mr. London's best known stories, "The Valley of the Moon," had become known as a ranch where the latest developments in agriculture and general science were put into practice. It boasted the first concrete silo in its section of the country, for instance. The ranch originally was a hillside tract, acquired early in Jack London's career, bought with an uninvested bank balance of \$9,000 after he had considered spending the money for an automobile. By successive purchases of adjoining tracts the ranch grew to 1,400 acres, and Mr. London had always expected to make it a model, self-contained, self-supporting community, in which his workers should share in ownership and the rewards of production. At the time of his death it was approaching his ideal, producing enough products to make it a financially independent enterprise.

That the ranch did prosper was due, perhaps, to the fact that Mrs. Shepard

supplemented in her own capacities those qualities which her brother may not have possessed.

Mrs. Shepard was accustomed to make daily inspection tours of the London ranch on horseback. The same careful management she gave it while her brother lived she continued after his death. With Mrs. Charmian Kitt-ridge London, her brother's widow, she carried out many of the works Jack London had planned before his sudden death. At the same time, she was active in the affairs of a number of women's organizations of her State. Thirty-five years ago she had become a member of the Women's Relief Corps, the auxiliary of the G. A. R. She had also joined the Daughters of Veterans. Her son, Irving Shepard, served in the Navy. He was on duty during the critical months of 1918 on a mine-sweeping craft in the North Sea, service which later brought months in hospital before he recovered from the effects of strain and exposure endured when his ship had drifted helpless ten days, after being struck by a German torpedo. Mrs. Shepard became one of the founders of The American Legion Auxiliary in California and served as the president of her department and as its representative on the Auxiliary's National Executive Committee.

Mrs. Shepard confessed that she was a bit bewildered by her unanticipated election as National President. She had gone to the California department convention at Catalina Island with no intention of being a candidate for any office. In executive session, the department convention had voted to present her name as a candidate for National President. Then, instead of returning to the peaceful everyday work of the ranch, as she had expected, she found herself in Omaha. The election came. The Auxiliary conferred upon her its highest office.

Today Mrs. Shepard is busy at National Headquarters of the Auxiliary in Indianapolis directing the Auxiliary's work for the year. She is putting into her task the same spirit and energy which made her a successful lawyer and ranch manager.

To that task she has brought an abundance of health and strength and good-nature. Seeing her as she sits at her desk, her face by turns strong in composure and determination or bright in the quick-changing smiles of a more-than-usual sense of humor, her hair with only the suggestion of gray, her voice suited to her mood, one feels that Mrs. Shepard is the kind of woman who will do what she sets out to do.

"Naturally, efforts to increase the Auxiliary's membership will have a leading place in our year's program," Mrs. Shepard said when she took office. "The Legion has decided to try for a million members in 1926 and we shall help in every way within our power, at the same time seeking new members for ourselves. We shall keep on with our hospitalization program and the work which is a main concern of all of us, the Legion and the Auxiliary together, the work of caring for the orphaned children of veterans and those other children who for one reason or another need help."



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Form 32-A

"Harry is mighty businesslike. I wonder how he broke the news to Phyllis's father after their secret marriage."
"He simply wrote on his business card: 'Please find your daughter attached hereto.'"

Those Dear Older Odors

[From Middletown (Ohio) News-Signal]

He recently toured the country through here with a party who stopped here where he met old friends and reviewed the scents of other days.

An Irreparable Loss

Sandy McIntosh had just returned from a trip to the old country.

"Ye promised us," said his youngest son sadly, "that ye'd send us a penny postcard frae Edinburgh, father, and ye didna do so."

"Aye," admitted Sandy, "and it was ma ain fault, lad. I went and lost it."

Why Rile 'Em Up

[Radio announcement in Tacoma News-Tribune]

KFWB, Hollywood (252) — 7:30-8, musical program resented by Hawaiians.

Small Town Wives

"Why do they call them 'the wicked cities'?" wondered Mrs. Johnston.

"I suppose it is because there are always a lot of men from other towns being called there on business," answered Mrs. Temperton, glaring in the direction of her husband.

Too Much Publicity for Him?

[From Avon Park (Fla.) Pilot]

Charles I. Campbell of Tampa was the guest of C. R. Giuu, Jr., here the past week-end. Mrs. Campbell was C. R.'s roommate at the U. of F. last winter but has now opened a law office in Tampa. Mr. C. R. Giuu, Jr., will leave Saturday.

Still Another One

Two Scotchmen had planned a hike into the country and had agreed to meet at a certain place at five in the morning. Only one of them owned an alarm clock, but he finally hit on a solution of rousing the other.

"Mac," he said, "when the clock goes off I'll get up and ring ye on a public telephone. But, for Lord's sake, be sure and don't answer it, so I can get my nickel back."

It's Our Language

[From Dayton (Ohio) Daily News]

In many respects Mitchell reminds one of Roosevelt. Both were fighters and both loved the outdoor life. Both loved to hunt big game, Mitchell stopping in India on his honeymoon a few years ago to shoot tigers. He killed six of the ferocious animals and his wife two.

Helpful Hint

Old Bill Brown, the incorrigible, had finally succumbed to the pleas of the new pastor and promised to be at church the following Sunday. When that day came, however, the minister found Bill starting forth on a fishing trip.

"Dear, dear," sighed the reverend. "I wonder what I'll have to say to you to get you to start going to our services."

"Wal," replied Bill, somewhat conscience stricken, "I've always wanted to do some-

thing for ye; ye know that, parson. Tell you what—I'll think over yer question fer ye, and mebbe I can give ye an idee."

Hospital Needs Traffic Cop

[Heading in Allentown (Pa.) Call]

Two Women and Boy Hurt When Trolley and Auto Collide in Gehman's Private Hospital.

The Impressionable Shark

A fair bather and a shark

One day met;

Both of them received a shock,

Being wet.

Said the shark: "I am dyspeptic;

I can't eat

Without a bit of dressing

Any meat.

Go away, I am not sore;

I will seek another shore

Where they dress a little more—

But you're sweet!"

—Wright Field.

Texas Snobbery

[From Abilene (Texas) Daily Reporter]

New members of the High school student body hail from the following out-of-date places: Dunblin County, Mo.; Colorado Springs, Colo.; Geneva, O.; Lovington, N. M.

The Potentate

"Your Majesty," queried the chef to the King of the Cannibal Isles, "will you have a wing?"

"No!" exclaimed the other in wrath. "I'm a king, ain't I? Nouse of those one-arm luncches for me!"

The Skeptical Reporter

[From Pittsfield (N. H.) Valley Times]

Mrs. Ives Sargent has come home to stay a while; so she says.

Tried and True

"What's the trouble between you and old man Brown?" asked Smith of his ancient comrade, Jim White.

"Nothin' at all," replied the latter. "We're the best of friends. If we wasn't, how do you suppose we'd get along so well together, fightin' all the time the way we do?"

Charlie Rises to Complain

[From Grant's Pass (Ore.) Courier]

Charlie Fields is bathing and says he doesn't like it the least bit and sure will be glad when his wife returns home from her mother's where she is canning fruit.

Revenge

"Anything else, sir?" asked the barber of the customer who had been in a great rush.

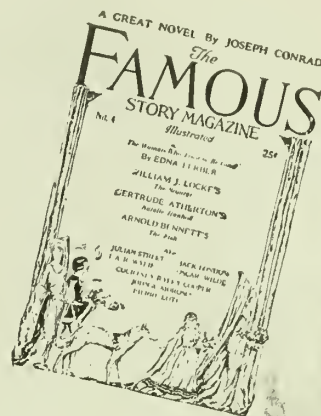
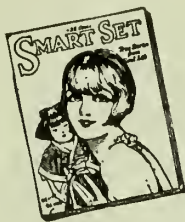
"No. Wait a minute. Is that my wife waiting over there to have her bob trimmed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give me all you got."



"My dear man, you can't go about dressed in tights."



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AS I passed the President's office I could not help hearing my name. Instinctively I paused to listen. "That human clam," he was saying, "can't represent us. He's a hard worker, but he seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to make him a branch manager this fall, but he seems to withdraw farther and farther into his shell all the time. I've given up hopes of making anything out of him."

So that was it! That was the reason why I had been passed over time and again when promotions were being made! That was why I was just a plodder—a truck horse for our firm, capable of doing a lot of heavy work, but of no use where brilliant performance was required. I was a failure unless I could do what seemed impossible—learn to use words forcefully, effectively and convincingly.

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* * *

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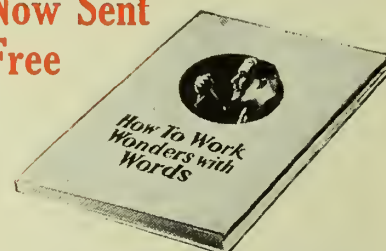
to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small unimportant territory to a salesman's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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